

T H E
W I S H E S ^K
O F A
F R E E P E O P L E ;
A
D R A M A T I C P O E M .

Insignis Populi Votorum summa legatur.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the A U T H O R , and sold by S. H O O P E R ,
at the *Cæsar's Head*, the Corner of the *New Church*,
in the *Strand*, 1761. [Price One Shilling.]



A LA REINE.

MADAME,

LES souhaits d'un peuple libre sont ambitieux de se presenter a VOTRE MAJESTE. L'evenement heureux, lorsque tous les coeurs voloient a la rencontre d'un abord tant desiré, en est le principal.

Enfans du zele ils osent esperer un accueil favorable pour eux memes ; et pour leur dedicateur l'approbation la plus flatteuse, qui est celle des ames superieures, et privilegiées.

En VOUS GRANDE REINE l'on regarde non seulement la protectrice puissante, mais l'on revere aussi le juge éclairé de tout ouvrage d'esprit que l'on hazarderoit de lui offrir.

Quelle preuve plus eclatante peut on avoir que la lettre elegante, sublime, et pathetique ou sont depeins les malheurs de votre patrie— Helas—jusques dans les beaux Champs de MECKLENBURGH s'est deployé l'appareil formidable de MARS, et de BELLONE, pour y repandre l'epouvante, et l'affliction.

Avec quels Traits de Pinceau est representée la devastation que causent les troupes effrenées dans ces mouvemens redoutables ou l'on ne respire que le sang, le carnage, et toutes les horreurs que *la Guerre* entraine ; precedées de la terreur, et suivie de l'effroi.

Partout ou ELLE a passé avec son cortege funeste, on y voit *la desolation*, triste, pale

abbatue, enfanglantée ; ses yeux versant des torrens de larmes : son cœur s'épanchant en soupirs, sanglots, et gémissemens.

Ce sont des scènes pareilles qui ont excité votre compassion, et en ont tiré l'admirable peinture dans les couleurs les plus vives, et les plus touchantes.

Le SOLDAT couronné, le ROI lettré, le HÉROS-philosophe la vit ; en fut frappé—Malgré le fracas meurtrier des armes, les cris farouches des combatans, et tout le tonnerre de la bataille qui aigrissent l'homme à des actes de fureur, il s'attendrit, et reconut le retour de l'humanité.

Qui s'intéresse pour les malheureux est digne de regner ; et une Princesse douée de tous les dons éminens du cœur, et de l'esprit, donne un nouveau lustre au trône ou on l'élève.

Que cet hommage littéraire, dicté par la vérité, soit agréé de VOTRE MAJESTÉ, est, avec sa permission royale, le *souhait respectueux*,

MADAME,

D'un très zélé,

Très fidèle,

Et très dévoué sujet,

L'AUTEUR.

☞ VOLTAIRE'S *English* Dedication of his *French HENRIADE* to Queen CAROLINE, is pleaded here as an authoritative precedent in a case simular.



P R E F A C E.

ON the first of the nights which had been advertised for the last entertainment at *Vaux-hall Gardens*, the moon shone remarkably. Crowds (frequently stopping at the extremity of that walk which opens to the lawn, obelisk, country, &c. to gaze on the pleasing lustre, and mildly illumined objects all around) were heard to utter most zealous *Wishes* for the Princess of *Mecklenburgh's* safe arrival; she having been then for some time detained by contrary winds. There even ran throughout the gardens an universal *Wish* for her being at sea that night, on account of its aspect so pleasant and inviting.

The enchantment of the *Vaux-hall Scene*, and *Wishes* there echoed from walk to walk, gave rise to this *Dramatic Poem*, let the critics call it a *Masque*, or give it any other denomination they shall think proper. In allusion to the inspiring hint, the piece begins with a poetical *night piece*, wherein it was intended to practically introduce on the stage *HORACE's* elegant imagery.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna

Functaque nymphis gratiæ decentes

Alternò terram quatiant pede. Lib. I. Ode iv.

From the dispatching of the scouts to the top of the neighbouring hill, it was judged that the subsequent hours of expectation could not be with more propriety beguiled, or better filled up, than with a display of our late national glory; which is followed by a *Morning-Piece*, and a wel-

welcome notice of the fleet's appearing.—The Shepherds and Shepherdesses, exultation at the news, expressed by singing and dancing, closes the *first* part.

The business of the *second* was suggested by the xv Ode of *Horace*, Lib. I. which begins

*Pastor cum traheret per Freta Navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata, &c. —————*

with this difference however, that the subject here is much more pleasing, and far more interesting.

The fervid rays of the *sun* shooting into the sea, as well as reverberated by rocks intensely beamed upon; the *Fishes* glancing upward, and twinkling to the light; the *Nereids*, *Tritons*, &c. enjoying the blaze, and participating in the general festivity; the splendid navy advancing as it were thro' a shower of golden rays, appeared the most striking *mid-day* picture the situation would allow of.

This admired line of *VIRGIL*

Vela dabant lati, et spumas salis ære ruebant

is imitated in describing the navy's sailing.

AMPHITRITE having saluted *THE PRINCESS*; then *NEPTUNE* executes the commission which he had received from the synod of *Olympus*; a favourable breeze springing up, the navy proceeds. *Neptune*, &c. pouring out their congratulations, accompanied with all demonstrations of joy, while within view, conclude the *second* part.

The beginning of the *third* hath been necessarily changed, on account of her present *MAJESTY'S*
not

not having come up the river to GREENWICH, in whose park a scene of rural sports was intended.— But the great event of her arrival happening otherwise than was expected, the business of the THAMES is very much restrained; and his feelings on the occasion here, are only pre-allusive to the wish'd for moments, when he shall be honoured with waisting her on parties of pleasure.

The scene of the *Gentlemen Farmers* is a just compliment to that class of men, known but among *British* subjects, and (in the Author's opinion) the happiest in the world; when this state of life is rationally enjoyed. The revolving seasons still afford them new objects of attention, and pursuit.—Of this truth *Virgil* had an intuitive knowledge, as appeareth by his rapturous exclamation,—

*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint,
Agricolas!* —————

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses come on anew in this part; and, as description is a favourite province of theirs in the *poetical world*, one of them gives the *Evening Picture* of that happy day. The scene is enlivened by the joyous appearance of the betrothed Lovers, to celebrate their mutual passion on so important and interesting solemnity. They sing the universal power of *Love*.

Perhaps, for what follows to the end, the Author may be bid to remember what *Virgil* says of himself (be it said however with all due deference, and a thorough sense of the almost infinite disparity)

*Cum canerem Reges et Prælia, Cynthia aurem
Vellit, et admonuit: Pastorem TITYRE pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere Carmen—*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

APOLLO.

MINERVA.

NEPTUNE.

AMPHITRITE.

BRITANNIA.

LIBERTY.

MARINE DEITIES.

TRITONS.

NEREIDS.

THAMES.

His tributary RIVER GODS.

NAIADS.

DRYADS.

HAMADRYADS.

SHEPHERDS.

SHEPHERDESSES.

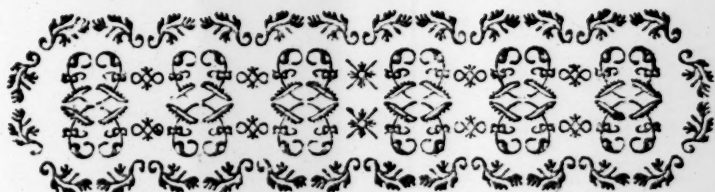
TWO elderly GENTLEMEN FARMERS.

BETROTHED LOVERS.

Crowd of the PEOPLE.

E R R A T A.

Page 11. l. 11. for *it*, read *she*. — P. 15. in Naiades,
Dryades, Hamadryades, dele *z*.



T H E
W I S H E S
O F A
F R E E P E O P L E.



P A R T I.

SCENE, a view of the sea;—on one side a lofty hill is seen.—On the beach are several Shepherds and Shepherdesses expecting the Queen's arrival, as really happen'd to many people during the moon-light nights of August.

First SHEPHERD.

ILLUSTRIOUS Britons ! Britain is a name
I That equal ranks with boasted Greece and Rome !
To Zeal like ours let it not tedious seem,
Tho' from the rising to the setting sun ;
Nay, while the full-orb'd moon wheels her pale course,
And vivid stars with rival lustre glow ;
(Waiting Imperial CHARLOTTE's wish'd arrival ;)

B

We

THE WISHES

We from this beach strain fond desiring eyes,
 O'er yon wide wat'ry plain : whose gentle swells,
 And mild subsiding on the oozy shore,
 Inspire a soothing calmness to the mind.
 Breathe softest notes with your melodious pipes ;
 Music infuses a new charm to night.

S O N G.

*What pleasing silence reigns around !
 No bustling noise, or jarring sound
 Disturbs the tranquil night.
 The moon serenely bright
 In placid glory mounts the sky,
 The conscious stars in lustre vie ;
 Hoping that while they deck the sphere,
 The wish'd-for treasure may appear.*

First SHEPHERD.

Now dance soft measures, such as virgins love
 With tender swains to move, while Cynthia shines.

[A smooth and solemn dance.]

First SHEPHERD.

A welcome recompence shall be his lot,
 Who from the top of yon aspiring hill,
 A sentinel exact, shall first discover
 Thro' Æther's wide and undulating space,
 Th' imperial navy freighted with a prize
 That far exceeds what *Argonauts* of old
 From the improv'ish'd *Colchos* brought to Greece.

*[Several shepherds offer themselves ; one
 speaks in behalf of the rest.]*

Second

OF A FREE PEOPLE. 3

Second SHEPHERD.

That charge do we with pleasure undertake ;
And with glad shouts shall warn when they appear.

S O N G.

No mother,

No lover

Hearing and viewing their object carest ;

Nor (hounds in full cry) are sportsmen so blest

As we shall be,

The first to see

The fleet in pompous train,

Come tilting o'er the main.

[*Exeunt some shepherds.*]

First SHEPHERD.

Good speed, my zealous friends—time to beguile ;

And make the minutes seem more lightly wing'd :

Let's pay an honest tribute to *self-love*.

Self-love, well guided, is the shield of *virtue*,

The test of *honour*, nurse of *patriotism*,

And ev'ry deed that makes a nation glorious !

Who have more cause ? (who ever equal had)

T'indulge this great, this animating passion

Than the free subjects of three loyal realms ?

Whose sole contention's, who shall best deserve

Their grateful country's thanks ; their Monarch's favour.

Third SHEPHERD.

What various acts of unexampled valour !

Whether they thunder o'er the boundless main ;

And still loud storms with wonder at their prowess :

Or shine triumphant in remotest lands !

THE WISHES

First SHEPHERD.

Our valiant troops give sinews to the war,
 That from invasion rescues *Germany*.
 Our troops pursue, but never fly from danger—
 That fashion we've yet scorn'd to learn of *France*.

S O N G.

*No, no, it never could be said,
 That British troops from peril fled.
 When by just alarms,
 They are rous'd to arms,
 From Agincourt to Minden's plain
 The lineal spirit they retain.
 Africa's sons affrighted tell
 How Britons fought! how Britons fell!
 Loud Niagara's headlong flood
 As with amazement frozen flood,
 To view her savage conquer'd shore
 Reeking with French and native gore!
 No, no, it never could be said,
 That British troops from peril fled.
 Let the angry god of war
 Threat'ning mount his horrid car,
 Slaughter advance, fell horrors rattle;
 Fire-ey'd Bellona rage in battle.
 'Midst whirling mines, and death-wing'd balls,
 T'assert the realm's disputed right,
 Our troops rush on; provoke the fight!
 Fame flies before, and glory calls!
 No, no, it never could be said,
 That British troops from peril fled.*

First

First SHEPHERD.

Reduc'd *Quebec*, surrender'd *Montreal*,
Their proud *East Indian* capital declare,
What unabating *British* valour can.

In the deep watry world, speak *Guadalupe* ;
Cape Breton speak, thou prologue to our triumphs :
Speak other islands of inferior note.
And last *Belleisle*, less for her worth conspicuous
Than the brave Chieftain who commanded there.
True *Britons* honour virtue in a foe—
We pitied him reduc'd to difficulty ;
His only comfort in the last extreme,
All hope of succour lost : to yield to us.

Third SHEPHERD.

The pleasing theme has let night steal away ;
For lo, the twinkling stars now faintly glimmer ;
Their lights grown pale, successive disappear :
And warn us mortals of approaching day.

SHEPHERDESS.

Yon silver streaks are heralds of the dawn ;
Which to salute, the birds sweet notes prepare.
The early huntsman gives a chearing hallo,
Beating the cover with keen-scented hounds ;
And echo harkens to return the sound.

First SHEPHERD.

Let us give cordial welcome to the Prime,
And salutation pay with greeting lays.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Hail young Aurora !—From the east,
In virgin triumph blushing go !
Around thy fragrant breast
Ambrosial odours flow !*

*Sweets wafted by the rising breeze
The tuneful lark ; shrill-winded horn ;
Wak'd Zephyr rustling thro' the trees,
Proclaim the wish'd approach of morn !*

First SHEPHERD.

As yon prevailing white gains on the sky,
Wide and more wide the blue horizon spreads,
And distant objects buoy up to our view—
But the hard-hearted wind still adverse blows.

S O N G.

*Rude, unrelenting, cruel wind
Deaf to our vows, to beauty blind.
Ah why so long our wish detain ?
Ah why so long encrease our pain ?
Shield her, ye gods, from dread alarms,—
Jove protect her,
Love direct her,
To a desiring Monarch's arms.*

First SHEPHERD.

Let us not nurse despondence, but dispel
Sorrow's dull gloom with gay enliv'ning thoughts
That A FREE PEOPLE'S WISHES—will be heard.

S O N G.

OF A FREE PEOPLE. 7

S O N G.

*Tho' chilling fear invades our hearts;
If music lend her friendly pow'r;
Black melancholy soon departs,
Hope's chearing radiance gilds each hour.*

[A shout from the hill.]

First SHEPHERD.

Hark!—In that joyous shout die all our fears.
Behold; our scouts rejoicing on the hill
Wave high their hats; glad signal of discov'ry:
And eager beckon that we strait ascend.

S O N G.

*Now, gaily flitting from above,
The gods of Hymen and of Love,
Idalia's Queen each grace attending,
Ev'ry power choice presents sending
To fam'd Britannia wing their way—
No fairer realm the star of day
Beholds in all his mighty round.
Where's such an isle by ocean bound?
None, none, our enemies confess
Form'd to subdue and to redress—*

CHORUS.

*Mirth revel on our plains,
Sport kind nymphs, dance ye swains;
Minstrels sweep your sounding strings,
This day glorious rapture brings.*

[A dance expressive of tumultuous joy.]

A SHEPHERD.	}	<i>Hark, they call us on high.</i>
<i>Those on the hill.</i>		<i>Huzza</i> _____
SHEPHERDS.		_____ <i>we come</i>
SHEPHERDESSES.		_____ <i>we fly.</i>

[Some break off from the dance to run up the hill,
answering to the repeated

<i>By those on the hill.</i>	}	<i>" Huzza, huzza,"</i>
<i>The Shepherds.</i>		<i>" We come, we come,"</i>
<i>Shepherdesses.</i>		<i>" We fly, we fly."</i>

[They are followed by others, who (all equally affected by the music) on every flat they meet, as they ascend move to the measures danced below. As fast as the former gain the top of the hill, they there lightly figure the same movements; then huzza to their companions: by whom they are answered and followed in a like manner. This animated chain is continued till they all disappear, in order to reach the other side of the summit for a better view of the approaching fleet.]





P A R T II.

SCENE, *the main SEA.*

[*To a grand symphony rises a range of rocks, whereon are several Marine Deities, Tritons, and Nereids, in attitudes of admiration.*]

First MARINE DEITY.

WHAT joy diffusive thro' the azure deep
Pervades ! Why this new splendour in the air ?
The sun with more refulgence than is wont,
Darts kindling rays into old ocean's bosom !

Second MARINE DEITY.

Our scaly herds the glad contagion feel !
In wanton gambols, in meand' rings wild,
Or lofty bounds they all express their joy !
As when *Arion* on the *Dolphin* rode,
And with his lyre to well accorded song
Had charm'd attention from the list'ning waves !

SONG *by a NEREID.*

*When from the main blithe Venus sprung,
In orient beauty drest ;
On her sweet face all beings hung,
All, all, to see her prest !*

C

Her

THE WISHES

*Her infant smiles, bewitching charms,
And ev'ry winning grace,
First kindled passions bland alarms;
Love drew the wonders of her face!*

*She gently sail'd the waves among;
Fond Zephyr o'er her flew;
With tender sighs the smitten throng,
Her sails of purple blew!*

*Earth, sea, and skies,
With ravish'd eyes
Beheld! (for then what could they more?)
Midst vows, and cooing,
Kind looks, and wooing,
The Goddesses wasted to the shore!*

Third MARINE DEITY.

*Nereids and Tritons we this day to joy
Devote; so wills the ruler of the deep.*

*A Princess sprung from noblest ancest'ry,
Sails thro' his realm to make three kingdoms happy.
Such is th' appointment of all gracious heav'n:
Before whose piercing eye no pompous titles
Devoid of merit weigh—From court to court
A deputy was sent to scrutinize
Within whose bosom glow'd most godlike feelings,
And who most rich in beauties of the mind—
Return'd; his voice for *Mecklenburgh* declar'd:
As for illustrious birth excell'd by none,
So for true worth to all superiour own'd—
Her virtues raise her to the first of Thrones!*

Second

Second MARINE DEITY.

'Tis *Virtue* sheds true lustre on a throne,
Vice seated there becomes but more conspicuous.

NEREID.

Lo! NEPTUNE and fair AMPHITRITE rise
 With kind congratulations to salute her.
 They rise!—onward in burnish'd glory comes
 Her golden streamer sporting in the breeze
 The royal Argosie; proud of the gem
 It carries—What tall, stately ships attend!
 Their lofty sails drive bellying with the wind,
 And bounding prows dash thro' the briny foam!
 Such cause of wonder I have ne'er beheld—

S O N G.

What a sight!
What delight,
To the charm'd eye!
Ye rocks assume a voice;
Seas, earth, and sky,
And higher worlds rejoice.

[*A dance of joy by the Marine Deities, Nereids and
 Tritons—the fish springing up from the sea.*]

AMPHITRITE.

Suspend obsequious winds your gentle office,
 And, tho' reluctant, shrink into a calm,
 That I may hail the Princess on her way;
 Now first to ye, and to the waves declaring,
 She henceforth equal ranks with me in power;

That the same sceptre we alternate wield—
 Wherefore ye billows in obedience bow ;
 Acknowledge her joint Empress of the sea—
 Princess, the pride, and envy of thy sex ;
 'Tis dearer to me thus with thee to share,
 Than 'twere to hold alone the reins of empire.

S O N G.

*How like the sea by which 'tis bound,
 Are Albion's free born natives found !
 To tempests ever prone ;
 To themselves rarely known :
 Changing,
 Ranging,
 From side to side
 Party their guide.
 And what is more surprizing to relate
 Earnest about a trifle as the state !
 Yet in their breasts each moral virtue flames,
 A great compound of opposite extremes.
 But you transcendent Princess soon
 Such jarring elements shall tune—
 When low'ring clouds the sky deform,
 Be you their Halcyon in the storm.*

TRITON.

Subside, ye waves, that swell upon the deep ;
 Be still, ye winds, that from four quarters blow :
 Let not a straggling breath curl the smooth surface
 In mute attention fix'd, while Neptune speaks !

NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE.

Hail, happy Princess, fav'rite care of heav'n !
 As far as happiness is mortal's lot
 'Tis surely thine,—Not that a Throne invites ;
 But that thy Lord is more than King, a Man !
 His people's model, Father, and their friend !
 The great Reviver of long drooping merit !—
 Whose brow's encumber'd with successive wreaths,
 Which sell ambition so delights to wear ;
 But stain'd with blood feel irksome to his heart—
 Sate with glory at th' expence of nature
 He sighs in gen'rous pity to mankind ;
 Invites to peace, his rash, obdurate foes ;
 And is the first to stretch the olive branch :
 Tho' he can hurl destruction at his nod—
 But he disclaims such tyrant attributes ;
 And murd'rous joy of butchering his kind :
 That all devoted to his people's weal,
 And patriot culture of ennobling studies,
 Which polish and give excellence to man,
 He may change *Mars's* for *Minerva's* laurel,
 And raising a new temple to *Apollo*,
 Stamp *Briton's* fame thro' all succeeding years
 The first in ARTS, as now the first in ARMS.

S O N G.

By the Marine Deities, TRITONS and NEREIDS.

*From age to age,
 From clime to clime,
 The BRITISH Page
 Shall conquer time !*

NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE.

This is the sense of the assembled gods
 To me by winged *Mercury* deliver'd;
 And thus to greet you in your royal progress—
 T'admire such merit in a mortal frame,
 I could for ever gaze; but *Jove* forbids.—
 Here my commission ends—Princess all hail!
 To *Albion* move, with ev'ry lucky omen—
 A friendly breeze exults to waft you thither:
 And a free people's wishes wait you on the shore.

SONG, by the above CHORUS.

*Advance, proceed, CHOSEN Princess! go;
 Mild rolls the surge, and winds kindly blow.
 Glorious! happy is thy fate,
 Born to bless a triple state!*

[*The range of rocks, &c. sink gradually into the sea,
 as the fleet makes way, and disappears—Several of
 the Marine Deities, Tritons, Nereids, dancing the
 while, and fishes springing up as before!*]





PART III.

SCENE, *an* OSIER BANK.

THAMES,—*his* tributary RIVER GODS,—NAIADES, &c.

First RIVER GOD.

THAMES! first of rivers! we obey thy call,
 Our tributary streams, our blithsome *Naiades*,
Dryades, and *Hamadryades*, all that sport
 Along our banks, from neighb'ring wood, or grove;
 We're come to share the pleasure of this day.

SONG, *by* THAMES.

*Ye rivers and floods of ev'ry degree,
 Attend to our mandate, and follow me;
 With rapturous speed let your buxom tides,
 Rush into my channel, and top my fides!
 O haste, dispatch your confluent streams,
 To swell the triumph of old THAMES.*

Second RIVER GOD.

We all are ready with our wat'ry trains
 To glide attendance at your ruling nod.
 Such as when *Alpheus* *Arethusa* follow'd;
 Or now, your *Naiades* our young gods pursue.

[*A dance by the Naiades and young River Gods.*]

First

First RIVER GOD.

Our streams shall make your flood peer o'er its banks,
And yield new wonder to admiring eyes!

[Shouts at a distance, and the firing of cannon.]

SONG, by the third RIVER GOD.

*By the people's shout, and the cannon's roar,
The Princess must now draw near to the shore.*

All the RIVER GODS.

*Away, away, must we go;
And in dutious homage flow.*

THAMES.

*Say, in what terms can my joy be express'd,
As oft as I shall waft her on my breast?
All anxious for my precious charge
I'll fondly swell around the barge;
While the gilt poop's reflected gleam
Fellows! a meteor in my stream.—
But Oh, my grief, when forc'd to resign,
EARTH unto thee, proud to call HER thine!*

[After a pause.]

*That loss to supply,
This cure will we try;
Our deeper beds, and each shallow rill,
With a much stronger liquor to fill:—
We'll empty our urns, and drink dry our springs,
To the health of our Queen; and best of Kings!*

CHORUS.

We'll empty our urns, &c.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a rural* EMINENCE.

[*Several elderly persons, among whom are two gentlemen Farmers, sitting on a bench under a great tree.*]

First GENTLEMAN FARMER.

While in yon vale crowds press to see the Queen,
Let you and I descant upon the times.
Say, worthy neighbours, who could e'er have b'liev'd
That we should live to see such days as these?
So long so wish'd for, yet so long despair'd of.—

Second GENTLEMAN FARMER.

Candour must own your observation true—
Corruption, brib'ry had so long prevail'd;
That I ne'er hop'd to see an *Hercules*
Would dare to cleanse our foul *Augean* stable.

First GENTLEMAN FARMER.

That noble task was by good heav'n reserv'd
For a young Patriot Monarch, *British-born*!

Second GENTLEMAN FARMER.

Much cause of wonder yields this happy change.

First GENTLEMAN FARMER.

The UNCLE, and the BROTHER to the Throne,
Are living lessons to a free-born people,
That to politely mix with our inferiors,
Is one great precept of humanity.
They both declining the parade of power,
Prove, it is better to be *good*, than *great*!

Second GENTLMAN FARMER.

The ROYAL DAME who gave our Sov'reign birth,
 (Like to the *British* oak that gives to all
 A shelter and defence) feels a pure joy
 That *Britain's* happiness securely fix'd,
 All party feuds, from prejudice, subside;
 And no distinctive appellations bias—
 A gen'ral reformation thro' the state
 Is meant; that justice may extend to all!

First GENTLEMAN FARMER.

When for a foolish son, a foolish sire,
 Late, application made for a commission;
 Emaning from the throne this answer had.
 Is't fit that vet'rans seam'd all o'er with scars,
 Whether in service on the tented field,
 Or far from friends, and each endearing tie,
 Have pass'd their years in contest with the winds,
 And all the ruffian terrors of the sea,
 Should for raw lads be from their right debarr'd.

No,—take your money—To 'Change-alley with it,
 You'll there meet purchases much better fitted
 Both for thine own, and son's capacity.—

Now learn th' adopted maxim of the court—
 MERIT ALONE ENTITLES TO A PLACE.

Second GENTLEMAN FARMER.

May we no longer see court-practis'd frauds;
 MULTIPLIED PLACES ON A WORTHLESS HEAD!
 SUCH BASE MONOPOLY DISGRACES POWER,
 WRONGS THE DESERVING; AND MAKES VIRTUE
 WEEP.

First

First GENTLEMAN FARMER.

Bless'd be all Statesmen who instil such doctrine !
 Bless'd be all Monarchs who lend docile ears !
 Bless'd nations where such politics prevail !
 What an unrivall'd people there must flourish !
 Such, as of old, descending gods would visit !

Second GENTLEMAN FARMER.

But these loud peals which rend the concave sky,
 Proclaim the Queen has reach'd yon royal seat.
 Let's hence, and learn from the returning crowd
 What portrait of her person they can give.

S O N G.

*The rest of our lives in mirth shall we pass,
 Laughing at time as he runs out our glass.
 With Liberty blest let none dare repine,
 The Hop-yard shall triumph over the Vine.
 Let us hie to our clubs, there quaff, and sing,
 As British-men ought, a TRUE BRITISH KING.*

[Exeunt buzzaing and dancing.]

SCENE, *a pleasant vale along the* THAMES.

*A crowd of both sexes that had been to see the Queen arrive;
 Shepherds and Shepherdesses..*

First SHEPHERD.

Thanks to the gods fair *Mecklenburgh's* arriv'd
 In all the bloom, and innocence of youth.—

How graceful did she look ! how courteous bend,
 As thro' fond crowds of her admiring subjects
 She mov'd the universal gaze ! confusion
 Sweet, and smiles attractive, to all eyes shone,
 Like struggling radiance in a morning sky.

SHEPHERDESS.

What eye to see, what tongue to speak her praise
 Can e'er be tir'd ? happy realms ! happy Queen !

First SHEPHERD.

Gay *Sol* exhausted of his brighter rays
 With which he shone on this auspicious day,
 For wish'd refreshment hastes to *Thetis'* bed.
 Yet, ere he parts, on *Thames* benignly looks—
 Transient effulgence !—Down the lucid stream
 Myriads of pearls in liquid glory float,
 Gently dissolving as the sun declines.—
 Lo, from yon verdant hill thro' leafy trees
 (His beams refracted to a milder blaze)
 He pours himself more socially abroad.
 High o'er our heads the Light-imbibing clouds
 Glow with a crimson tinge, till he forsake them,
 And sober-mantled night usurp his place—
 A cheery fragrance *Zephyr* deals around,
 To all inhaling the sweet sense of love !

SHEPHERDESS.

How opportunely come the nymphs and swains,
 Whose hearts long since engag'd ; the nuptial rights
 Deferr'd, till *GEORGE* with *CHARLOTTE* should be join'd :
 That from their Sov'reign's they may date their happiness.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Now each fond heart with rapture bounds ;
Hither haste all objects gay :
Harmony yield enliv'ning sounds,
This is sweet-hearts holiday !
True lovers hand in hand advance,
We lead the song ; lead ye the dance.*

[Enter several betrothed couples dressed in white ; garlands on their heads—A grand BALLET is begun—Between the first and second Parts of the Ballet, to the Brides and Bridegrooms drawn up together, is addressed the following

S O N G.

*Seek you thro' happiness to find,
'Tis where congenial hearts are join'd,
By sympathy now bound ;
When by chaste Hymen crown'd :
Kind, tender, constant prove,
And only live to love.*

[The Ballet is continued.]

First SHEPHERD.

Who revile *Love* ne'er felt great nature's law.
From *Love* all human happiness derives !
None e'er but savage breasts dar'd rail against it,
'Tasteless of beauty, and this world's abhorrence.

S O N G.

*All beings kindled by Love's fire,
Yield to impulsive strong desire !*

Thro'

THE WISHES

*Thro' waters, land, and ambient air
 Instinctive ardour prompts to pair.
 The sportive birds in raptur'd lay
 Their vows repeat till ends the day.
 Fond Philomel the conscious night
 With tender notes tunes to delight—
 Triumph kind nature, triumph, we
 Glow with superior extasie!
 In mutual folds enamour'd prest!
 Of all the passions Love's the best!*

[APOLLO, MINERVA, BRITANNIA, LIBERTY,
descend to a grand symphony.

First SHEPHERD.

Behold to close the wonders of this day
Britannia seated in a car of triumph,
 With all her figur'd attributes descends!
Minerva and *Apollo* her supporters,
 Patrons of useful, and politer arts!
 Three crowns held o'er her head by LIBERTY!
 Her right hand graceful waves the FLAG OF UNION!
 Fraud, faction, party, and sedition crush'd
 Beneath her feet, turn up their wounded snakes,
 Scar'd at a lustre they're too faint to bear;
 They shrink:—expiring at the glorious sight.

BRITANNIA.

With a true parent's fondness I behold
 Your just affection for your King, and selves,
 Remain united, ye'll be always fear'd.

Downfal

- “ *Downfal* to those who would dissension breed; *
- “ Or by inglorious, tame concessions yield,
- “ What (the world’s wonder) your brave troops have won!
- “ Conquests cemented with the blood of BRITONS!
- “ Too high a premium to be cheaply barter’d;
- “ Or idly squander’d to make purses swell
- “ Of some low things call’d P—s, the realm’s dishonour;
- “ Strangers to truth, of principles devoid,
- “ State-hackney’d pimps young virtue to debauch,
- “ Aliens from manhood, cankers of the throne,
- “ Foes to all worth, vile plunderers in power.”

MINERVA.

- “ Nor be ye dup’d by false appearances
- “ Of loud declaimers in the patriot strain;
- “ Braggarts in *speech*, base recreants at the *test*:
- “ Who, what one day they storming brawl against,
- “ Whiffing, the next as strenuously embrace!
- “ May INCONSISTENCE badge such *veering Talkers*,
- “ Shuttle-cock heads, puff’d, vain, tumultuous hearts,
- “ Who’d fling disgrace on a lov’d, royal chief;
- “ Who’d blast the laurel that your country sav’d;

* In order to give a greater energy to *The Wishes of a free People* in this scene, they are uttered by their favourite Deities, as their speaking representatives in the *now* interesting crisis of affairs.—May their parliamentary Speakers be always actuated by as impartial sentiments, as what these *Wishes*, those of the Gentlemen Farmers, &c. convey; still approving what is praiseworthy, censuring what is impeachable in every department, however exalted. And this, it is hoped, will be deemed neither an unnatural *Wish*; nor unworthy of a *free People*.

“ Who’d

- " Who'd o'erfet kingdoms to obtain a point,
 " And *mob-rai's'd* altars to their futile pride.
 " Throw to one such a *Pension-lure* and *title* ;
 " How the scene shifts ! what prodigies ensue !
 " His QUEEN OF SHEBA lulls him to repose ;
 " Sooths th' acrimonious humour in his blood ;
 " Checks all eruptive virulence of breath.—
 " The *sop*-mute CERBERUS is heard no more !
 " But fall'n to each low act of blandishment,
 " Fawns, licks, and woos, whom he annoy'd before !
 " Ah—how fatiguing to be always ONE !
 " 'Tis more than frail mortality can bear ;
 " More--more--than BATH* or LONDON should expect:--
 " —And *Box-presenters* thro' this *b'lieving* isle !"

APOLLO.

- " May MAGNANIMITY in *council* sway ;
 " Thence be discarded men of *narrow hearts*.
 " Let not *æconomy* to *meanness* warp ;
 " But thou MAGNIFICENCE thy standard raise.
 " Gen'rous expending should a court emblazon ;
 " And splendid escorts manifest a King.
 " For shame ;—debase not pow'r to *Cit-like-saving* :
 " Sink not a *Monarch's* to a *Burgher's* dwelling.
 " Since *British* millions you've on strangers lavish'd ;
 " In your *profuseness* let the *subjects* share :
 " The *subjects*, from whose *industry* they're rais'd !
 " Nor be ye thro' such *penury* proclaim'd
 " *Niggards* at home ; and *prodigals* abroad !"

* Let us not be misunderstood here to glance at the generous, noble, and celebrated Peer, who thence derives his title.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY.

- “ Rent from the nations, your superior sway
 “ At once provokes their *envy* and *despair* ;
 “ *Envy*, to see your glory so enhanc’d :
 “ *Despair*, from impotence to shake its basis.
 “ Menac’d invasions, like to chafing billows,
 “ May fret, swell, foam ; but dash upon your shores :
 “ And broke ’mongst rocks in hollow murmurs die.
 “ A short-liv’d mock’ry of *gigantic* rage
 “ To scale the Throne of cloud-compelling Jove.
 “ As *unassailable* your *sea-girt-isles*,
 “ Your sons still worthy their inheritance ;
 “ Man’s chief prerogative, *a state of freedom* !
 “ Which to transmit to late posterity ;”

Ye Nymphs and Swains who this day chuse to join
 A noble sympathy with royal wedlock :
 May your loves dignify the married state,
 And give a Race of worthies to your country.

S O N G to the NYMPHS.

While your bright eyes inspire to glory,
 BRITONS will foremost shine in story ;
While love you make a duty,
 No warfare will they think hard—
No boon like British beauty,
 British heroes can reward.

BRITANNIA.

For thee, O mighty Prince, and thy fair Queen,
 We call on heav’n to show’r down ev’ry blessing.—

E

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

Our Muses panting to adorn thy reign,
Their instruments attun'd in chorus join.

S O N G.

*Enough of bloody fame;
Ah, bid fell war to cease:
O'er all shines GEORGE's name!—
Return—O come, sweet peace.*

MINERVA.

But may she come with glory to THE THRONE;
And ev'ry 'vantage LOYALTY dare wish.

S O N G.

BRITANNIA and LIBERTY.

*New crown'd with wreaths of victory
Rule o'er hearts.*

APOLLO — MINERVA.

*Cherish arts
As you raise them; so they'll raise thee.*

— BRITANNIA.

My sons ne'er act degen'rate from yourselves—
May your just zeal inviolably last.

LIBERTY.

“ Now baffled Bussy to VERSAILLES relate,
“ Versailles the nurse of perfidy and strife,

“ That,

“ That, all your cobweb-arts were spun in vain.
 “ *Truth* foil’d your *sophistry* in politicks ;
 “ And foppish arrogance met just rebukes.”

First SHEPHERD.

France, and all foes of our fam’d constitution,
 Learn, that — THE FIRST, THE GREATEST OF ALL
 POWERS
 IS A FREE PEOPLE FIGHTING FOR THEIR KING ;
 THAT KING THE GENUIN FATHER OF THE PEOPLE.

CHORUS.

By the Shepherds, Shepherdesses, betrothed Lovers, and crowd.

*Our lives, fortunes, all,
 Ready at his call;
 For him we breathe,—we’ll die :
 For him all dangers wooe——
 TO BRITAIN EVER TRUE
 AND THEE DEAR LIBERTY.*

[*The Chorus bow to Britannia and Liberty, who smile,
 and nod their approbation as they ascend.*]





POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE

PUBLICK.

IMMEDIATELY after the long-wish'd arrival of her present Majesty, a finishing hand was put to this Performance of the Masque-kind.— It was submitted to several allowed Connoisseurs, who approved thereof.

In consequence of their approbation, thro' the hands of a Gentleman, friend to the Author, it was offered to the two Theatres Royal, backed by the recommendation of a noble Peer ; whose refined taste, and superior genius for musical composition, are universally confessed : therefore his intended patronage ought in such a point to have been looked upon as a mandate from

Apollo,

Apollo; and as moreover he kindly intended to honour the piece with the assistance of his talents.

After a few days detention of the copy, the following answer was delivered, for the *Covent-Garden* Manager, by Mr. *Beard*: “ That
“ the Masque was allowed by Mr. *Rich* to have
“ merit in many places, but that it would take
“ up too much of his season, for which his
“ custom was to plan his business long before !
“ That the expence, in getting it up, would
“ run very high. — That, — therefore he would
“ not undertake it, because, as how, he was
“ to be at a vast charge in representing the
“ Coronation.” Mr. *Beard*’s particular remark was, “ That the Author should have sent
“ the Masque ready set to musick.” — But unluckily he is no composer that way. Besides he has hitherto believed it sufficient for an Author to send words, and that it is the Manager’s business to find Musick.

The piece was afterwards left at Mr. *Garrick*’s, who returned it, without having read it, as he said ! and for the following reason : “ That
“ having already a musical piece advertized by
“ the

“ the name of *Arcadia*—the work truly of one of
 “ our most eminent writers!—and, set to mu-
 “ sick too by Mr. *Stanley*, he could not think of
 “ another;—but—that—he believed, they had
 “ nothing at *Covent-Garden*:—not—however,
 “ —that—he had any intelligence of the state of
 “ their affairs.—And—so—Sir, your hum-
 “ ble servant.”

The Author not a little disappointed from
 his notion that the subject would have been a
 sufficient recommendation to any persons sup-
 posed to have *British* heads, and hearts; now
 publishes it in obedience to the general sense of
 his friends: to wit, “ That tho’ the patenteed
 “ Managers of the Theatres Royal, despotic
 “ exclusioners of what they please, and as it
 “ seems without appeal) were regardless of, and
 “ indifferent to the celebrating their coun-
 “ try’s glory, and their Sovereign’s happiness;
 “ in which article, shame to their supineness, or
 “ something worse, they have let foreigners,
 “ *Italians*, snatch the merit from them, at the
 “ Opera: that was no reason he should suppress
 “ a work fraught with zeal, duty, and allegiance;
 “ which

“ which act would be too great a sacrifice to
“ their arbitrary conduct: of which may be cited
“ many instances, that cry aloud for redress.”

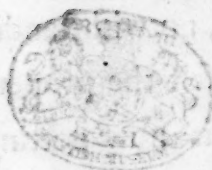
The first article of surprize, is, that Managers, who call themselves *Englishmen*, should have had nothing prepared to exhibit in honour of so generally interesting an event—as the Queen’s arrival, &c.—The second, is their refusing what was ready done for, and offered to them—surely a most strange perverseness.

The Author, notwithstanding this publication, reserves to himself the property of his piece, inasmuch as he is now getting the Songs set to musick for his use; and proposes, if he can find proper performers, to apply for a particular licence, to have it exhibited on another Theatre, since those of *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane* have positively rejected it. All the lines marked with two commas, have been added since the refusals, arising from late occurrences; and should any be deemed exceptionable for a theatrical exhibition, they may be omitted by the Performers.

POSTSCRIPT

which as well as the other two, are
of their respective countries, of which they are
many instances, that are about the world.

The first of these is, that the
who call themselves Xij, and should have had
nothing prepared to exhibit in honor of a
generally interesting event—as the Queen's
arrival. (See the account, in this volume, that
was ready done, and intended to be—) that
a most strange perversion.



The Author, in the
reference to him, of the
attracted as he is to the
much for his own sake, as for the
proper persons, to give the
honour, so have it exhibited on a recent
since those of Great Britain and Ireland
have positively rejected it. All that has
ed with two countries, have been set at
together, arising from its occurrence, and should
any be deemed exceptional for a technical ex-
hibition, they may be omitted by the Librarian.